

JUSTICE

TRIUMPHANT;

a. 3930.

OR, THE

ORGAN *in the Suds.*

A

FARCE,

OF

THREE ACTS.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXLVII.

*Mr Rain*

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ons

1 U S T I C E

THE

AMERICAN



THE

LOWDOWN

There is no...



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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HIS Piece, as will be soon perceived, relates to some Proceedings lately transacted in a Village near London. The Design of it is to set the whole in a true Light to such Persons as may be misinform'd, both as to the Proceedings, the Design of them, and the principal Actors.

Arbitrary and illegal Proceedings (which every Englishman should abhor and oppose) are here expos'd; and it is some Pleasure to the Writer, that the Persons chiefly concern'd in this Affair, are, among their Acquaintance, not more esteem'd for their Social Virtues, nor more belov'd for their friendly Actions, than they are detested for their intended Insult on the Good Sense and Liberty of their Neighbours.

## P R E F A C E.

I except one Gentleman, however, whose Character in private Life is as amiable, as his publick is exemplary: I am convinced myself, and have endeavour'd to make his Behaviour appear to all, as that of a Man whose Design was no other, than what all Gentlemen of his Profession would, and should concur in, the encouraging and promoting Religious Worship in the most decent Manner: But as to the Measures pursu'd, I dare say he was ignorant of great Part of what was done, till over; and that if he had seen into the Designs of some Men, he would have oppos'd their Proceedings as publickly at first, as he now openly declares he disapprov'd of them.

But the wisest and best of Men make Mistakes, and have their unguarded Weaknesses sometimes, as well as others. If any Thing related in this should make some Persons angry, at some of their Actions being gently touch'd, let them reflect — and then they will forgive what

is

## P R E F A C E.

*is mention'd, for the bare sake of—what is not; which could have been related in a more ample Manner, than, perhaps, they imagine; but—I am one of their most intimate Friends and Acquaintance.*

*And should any Body think it worth their while to criticise on this Trifle, (as I have one or two in my Eye, who, I believe, will) let them take this with them, The Plot and the Language are not mine; I have borrow'd them, and any Body that knows any thing of the Matter, may easily tell from whence.*

*As to the Time and Place, and other Dramatick Laws and Decorum: As this Piece was perform'd (if I may be allow'd to say so) before it was writ, I could not alter them: All I had to do, was to connect the Incidents as well as I could together into a small Compass, and to intersperse some few Strokes of Humour, to make People bear with the low and stupid Conversation that must naturally fall from the Dramatis Personæ.*

*And*



## P R E F A C E

And now, methinks, I see and hear People asking and enquiring who is the Writer of this? Do you know him? Can you guess who it is? and a thousand such-like Questions. While some will say, it's Mr. —; another, Mr. —; and others, the Work of several; for, say they, no one Person could possibly know all the Circumstances, &c. that are mention'd here: Therefore, to satisfy the Curiosity of my Readers, more particularly the Ladies, whom I always liked, and began very early to pay my Addresses to with Success, (See the 3d Chapter of Genesis) I'll give them two conclusive Arguments, not only to guess, but to be certain who I am.

First then, If the Facts related in the ensuing Pages are true, no Man could well know them all, atted as they were in different Places, by different Persons, and that too with the utmost Secresy.

Again, If they are false, and there is no Reason to believe any thing ever happen'd  
of

# P R E F A C E.

of this kind, no Man could have Assurance to invent and publish such Lies; and consequently these two Arguments, (tho' different) have the same natural Inference, and concur to make one believe (be which will the Truth) that the Writer of *is, what he assuredly is,*

*The Devil,*

*Dramatis*

**Dramatis Personæ.**

**THE DOCTOR.**

**THUNDERCHURCH.**

**POWERBLIND.**

**WEATHERGOOD.**

**CENT PER CENT.**

**TAXDOUBLE.**

**SHAVEALL.**

**PASQUALI.**

**JUSTICE JOBBER.**

**LOFTY.**

**WINDPIPES.**

**CHAUNTER.**

**CROTCHET.**

**ZEAL.**

**Beadle, Old Woman, Servants, and Attendants.**

**SCENE, *A Village West of London.***





# Justice Triumphant:

## *The ORGAN in the Suds.*

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Street near the Ferry.*

*Mr. Weathergood meeting Mr. Cent per Cent.*



GOOD Morrow, Brother Church-warden: I was coming to your House.

*Cent per Cent.* I am glad I have met with you: Well, How goes your Collection on?

*Weathergood.* Faith, I have ill Luck, I was coming to ask you for some Cash, for I have had such

B

Demands

2 JUSTICE Triumphant : or,

Demands on me, one Way or another, that I am quite exhausted.

*Cent per Cent.* Why really I am very sorry, but I have disposed of what Money I had by me to a particular Friend, whom I can assure you, to serve, I have agreed to take only 15 per Cent. of.

*Weathergood.* You are always very obliging and generous ; but pray how will our Accounts turn out ? I am afraid our Repairs and Ornaments, which we have thought necessary for the Church, will rise considerably ; we must certainly increase the Rate.

*Cent per Cent.* Ay, ay, that's certain, that's easily done ; but I see *Thunderchurch* coming towards us. [*Enter Thunderchurch.*] How do you do, how do you do, Neighbour ? Well, does not the Splendor of the Church please you ? I think we make a glorious Show, don't we ?

*Thunderchurch.* Show ! Yes, it's well enough ; but why don't you put up the Organ I have so often talk'd to you of, then I'd say something to you.

*Weathergood.* Ay, that would please the Doctor ; but how must we get the Money ?

*Thunderchurch.* Money ! Why by Subscription ; I'll warrant there would be enough, nay, more than enough, if once you would begin.

*Weathergood.* I think the Thing should be set on Foot by the Gentlemen first.

*Thunderchurch.* Puh, d—n the Gentlemen, if you stay till then, you'll never have an Organ ; but I have a Scheme to propose, which, if you'll meet

meet me at the *Angel* to Night, I'll lay before you.

*Cent per Cent.* I wou'd meet you there, with all my Heart, but as it's very cold, and we shall be more private, suppose it is at my House.

*Weathergood.* Agreed; I am going to the Doctor, and shall hear what he says, and give you an Account at Night. Your Servant.

*Thunderchurch.* Your Servant.

*Cent per Cent.* Well, I'll go Home. Good bye.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Scene Changes.* A Bed-Chamber, and Books thrown about. The Doctor reading Dr. Croxall's Sermon upon Church Musick.

*His Servant Enters.*

*Servant.* Sir, Here is Mr. *Weathergood* below.

*Doctor.* Bid him come up. [*Exit Servant.*] This is lucky. I'll endeavour to make some Impression on him from this Sermon: The Man loves the Church, thinks well of me, and is easily flatter'd into an Opinion that he is a Man of great Importance.

*Enter Mr. Weathergood.*

*Doctor.* Your Servant, Mr. *Weathergood*. Well, what have you to say to me?



4 JUSTICE *Triumphant* : or,

*Weathergood*. I hope, Sir, I don't interrupt you.

*Doctor*. No, not at all: Sit down. It's very cold.

*Weathergood*. Yes, Sir; but I am come, Sir, to ask what else you think fit for the Ornament of the Church: I think we shall make it look well by and by.

*Doctor*. Why ay, Mr. *Weathergood*, you are a religious sensible Man, and I believe have good Intentions to the Church. You have already done a great deal: And I hope your Example will influence future Churchwardens to act as you have done.

*Weathergood*. Sir, I am extremely proud of the Honour you do me, and shall be always ready to follow your Advice in Things of this Nature; but, Sir, we must increase the Rates; for I am pretty sure the present Tax is not sufficient.

*Doctor*. Why, to be sure then you must increase the Rates; the Church must not be neglected upon any Account.

*Weathergood*. I think not, Sir; but I should be glad to know your Sentiments about a Subscription for an Organ. My Partner and I have some Thoughts of trying what can be done in that Affair.

*Doctor*. An Organ! good! Why it's the very Thing I am thinking of continually; it will be the most pleasing Thing to me that can be; it's absolutely become necessary, to preserve Decency and Regularity in the Singing of Psalms; Psalms are sung no where

so

so bad as here : 'Twill contribute greatly to mend that ; besides, as an Ornament to the Church, 'twill give a Reputation to the Parish ; and I assure you (betwixt Friends) it will be the Means of doing you that Justice you deserve, of putting your Name up in the Church in Golden Letters, and by that Means handing your Name down to Posterity.

*Weathergood.* As for that, Sir, I leave it entirely to your Judgment ; it won't become me to interfere in that Affair.

*Doctor.* Never be ashamed of any Thing of that kind ; you really do deserve it : And in order to shew the Good of the Thing, take this Sermon home with you. I have just read it. You'll find there every Thing that can be said on the Subject, admirably well handled.---But pray tell me, who are the People that will assist and support you in this Thing.

*Weathergood.* Oh ! there have been several of the Trades-People talking of this at the Quarterly and other Feasts, where we have met ; but they have dropt it hitherto, because some would have it begin by the Gentlemen, in order to succeed the better ; but *Thunderchurch* is for beginning as soon as we can, and pushing on at all Events.

*Doctor.* I don't like that Fellow : He has used me very ill ; and whatever Reasons he may have for this Proceeding, I am convinc'd, 'tis not the Glory of God and the Church that prompts him. However, what he says is true : I think there is no Occasion for waiting for them : I'll get my Uncle to subscribe,  
that's

6 JUSTICE *Triumphant*: or,

that's a sufficient Beginning in respect to them; and if they should be angry, they are so indolent, and mind so little what is done in the Parish, that they, I dare say, will give no Obstruction material; and you may depend on my Interest and Influence in every Thing.

*Weathergood.* We are to meet this Evening at my Partners, and I shall inform them (with your Leave) of your Good-Will; and whatever Scheme, or Resolution, we agree to, will let you have early Notice. Sir, your most humble Servant.

*Doctor.* Mr. *Weathergood*, yours.

[*Exit Mr. Weathergood.*]

*The Doctor solus.*

It gives me great Concern that I must join, I am afraid, with some Men, whose Proceedings and Behaviour in Parochial Affairs have hitherto been very insolent, and contrary to my Inclinations: But as it is for the Good of the Church, I must proceed: That should remove all Objections, and overcome all Difficulties: When that is concern'd, no Dangers should affright, nor Misfortunes dismay; but as the Poet says,

*Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE



SCENE II.

A Room at the Angel.

Scene opens, and discovers sitting at a Table, with Pipes and Tobacco, Wine, &c. Thunderchurch, Windpipes the Organ-Builaer, Pasquali, Mr. Powerblind, Taxdouble, &c.

Windpipes, the Organ-Builaer. I can assure you, Gentlemen, that there is no better Instrument in England; and I appeal to Mess. Pasquali and Powerblind, who are Judges, and have heard it. (I must talk these Fools into an Opinion of their Understanding, or I shall never get rid of this damn'd Organ.)

*Aside.* Pasquali. I can assure you, I don't pretend to be a Judge, but yet I am sure it's a good Instrument, and has one of the most delicious Tones that ever was heard. I never heard any better.

Powerblind. It is a pretty neat Thing, and very cheap; and it will make heavenly Harmony in the Church, with our Voices: Besides, I am well acquainted with a pretty young Fellow, whose Brother belongs to the Choir, and if we chuse him Organist, he, to be sure, will bring his Brother, and others, and give us now and then an Anthem.

Taxdouble. Ay, that will be right. But what will this Thing come to in all, do you say, Mr. Windpipes?

Windpipes.

JUSTICE *Triumphant* : or,

*Windpipes.* Hem! hem! hah: Expence, Sir, hem!  
a Trifle for such an Instrument: Vastly cheap, I can  
assure you, Sir. I believe in all, I to put it up, and  
every Thing, the whole, won't come to more than  
----than---- 200 l. Sir.

*Taxdouble.* 200 l.! It's a great deal of Money, I  
think.

(I'd see this Church, and all the Churches in London,  
in Flames, before I'd give 200 l. for an Organ, if it  
was to be at my own Expence; but as it is to be  
collected, one may save one's own Subscription, and,  
perhaps, get somewhat for one's Trouble). [*Aside.*

*Thunderchurch.* The Money will be easily rais'd;  
and tho' I am not acquainted with the Merit of the  
Instrument, yet what he asks can't be too much, if  
it's good for any thing.

*Pasquali.* I'll answer for that: Take my Word  
for it, it's a charming Thing.

*Thunderchurch.* But I must go to *Cent per Cent's*,  
to meet the rest of our Friends. I would have had  
them met here; but *Cent per Cent* will, when there's  
any thing to spend, have it spent at his House: He  
is for getting all there that he can. Come, *Taxdouble*  
and *Powerblind*, you must go with me, we can't do  
without you.

*Taxdouble.* I hope you'll treat then: I suppose I  
shall get nothing by it.

*Thunderchurch.* Leave that to me. When you  
hear my Scheme, you'll be satisfied, I warrant you.  
Come, What's to pay?

*Drawer.*

*Drawer.* Sir, It's all paid; Mr. *Windpipes* has paid.

*Thunderchurch.* I think that's rather too much though.

*Taxdouble.* Puh! he can afford it; he'll have a good Job. [*Exeunt all but Windpipes.*]

*Windpipes solus.*

What a Pack of Knaves and Fools am I concern'd with in this Affair! What Imposition and Nonsense am I forced to bear with, to get rid of this cursed Instrument! And if I don't do it here, I am sure there is not a Parish in *Great Britain* that will buy it. Well, I hope to succeed, however, as I see into those Fellows; I think, with a little proper Management, I shall conquer all Obstacles, and bubble them out of the Money, which I believe will be put into their Hands by greater Noodles than themselves.

[*Exit.*]

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S C E N E IV.

*Cent per Cent's House. A Room and Table, &c. as the last.*

*Cent per Cent, Taxdouble, Powerblind, Thunderchurch, and Pasquali.*

*Cent per Cent.* Come, Gentlemen, I'll shew you a Bottle of such Port as you seldom taste, four Yeats old, and bright as a Ruby. [*Pulls out the Cork.*]

*Mr. Thunderchurch,* my Service to you.

C

*Thunderchurch.*



*Thunderchurch.* Thank you ---- Fill me a Bumper, I'll pledge you. [*Drinks.*] It's excellent indeed. Damn'd execrable Stuff, by G--d. [*Aside.*

*Pasquali.* I hope, Gentlemen, I shan't interrupt you in your Business; if you are only met about the Organ, I shall keep your Secrets; I am empower'd by my Father to tell you, that he will come into any Scheme for the Organ, provided the Doctor approves of it; and I can assure you, I have the Thing at Heart myself.

*Thunderchurch.* I'll answer for *Pasquali* and his Father; but, *Cent per Cent*, I am a little doubtful of your Partner. I know he likes an Organ, and would be glad to have it put up in his Time, for the Honour of it; but if any necessary Measures, that require a bold enterprizing Man, or any Practices that require artful Management, be undertaken, he is not a Man for our Purpose.

*Cent per Cent.* I am of your Opinion, therefore let's hear your Scheme before he comes; and if there is any thing in that we think him not fit to be trusted with, let us conceal it. Do you agree to this?

*All.* Yes, yes.

*Thunderchurch.* Let's drink first, though. [*All drink.*] Why then, in few Words, Gentlemen, my Scheme is this, and consists of three Articles: To reconcile ourselves to the Doctor; put up the Organ; and henceforward rule the Parish, as we formerly did, when the holding up of a Stick in the Vestry would have made them agree to pull down the Church.

*Taxdouble.*

*Taxdouble.* Ah! a glorious Time! I wish we may live to see that again, with all my Soul.

*Thunderchurch.* The Reconciliation with the Doctor is absolutely necessary to attain the two last Points, or else I should not concern myself about him; for, among Friends, I like him no more than he does me: But he, at the Head of some People, who are either dependant, or have an Opinion of his Goodness, will, join'd with our Friends, be able to procure a Majority in the Vestry; and if we once get them into the Organ Scheme, we will take such Steps, as shall of Necessity oblige them to go on with any thing we think proper. The Reconciliation may be affected, by *Pasquali's* Father and *Weathergood* informing him of the Readiness that *Powerblind* and I have to come into any Methods he will direct to put up the Organ, by immediately opening a Subscription (at the Head of which must be the Doctor and his Uncle) and promoting it with all our Might; the Money to be placed in Mr. *Cent per Cent* and Mr. *Shaveall's* Hands, who know how to make Use of it, no Body better. As for our Money, though we subscribe any Sum, yet if we find there is sufficient without, we need not pay at all. But this and our governing the Vestry, I think we may conceal from *Weathergood*.

*Taxdouble.* Ay, ay, by all Means: I would go a COLLECTING myself; but as I am grown old, and have met with great LOSSES formerly in COLLECTING, I hope you will excuse me.

*Pasquali.* Oh! by all Means; but should not our Expences in meeting about this Affair, and our Loss of Time in going about, be accounted necessary Expences, and paid for out of the Subscription-Money?

*Cent per Cent.* Ay, to be sure; I'll charge this Meeting to Account. Come then, drink about, Gentlemen, Success to our Organ Scheme. Oh! here comes my Partner.

*Enter Weathergood.*

Partner, Here is Success to our Organ Scheme. I hope you'll pledge me. [*Drinks.*]

*Weathergood.* Ay, with all my Heart. [*Drinks.*] But come, let's hear though, What is it?

*Powerblind.* A charming Scheme, convert me, if it is not. Verily I do think it will do. But you must help reconcile me and *Thunderchurch* to the Doctor, and we shall put up the Organ, I warrant you.

*Weathergood.* Ay, to do that will please me much; and I can tell you, I saw him this Morning, and he is for subscribing immediately, and will with his Uncle begin, and be at the Head of it.

*Thunderchurch.* Huzza! Boys; then the Day is our own. That's all we want. Come, d——n his Blood, here's his Health for this, with all my Soul.

*Omnes.* Ay, ay, with all our Hearts. A Bumper. The Doctor for ever! Huzza!

*Cent per Cent.*



*Cent per Cent.* Why then, Brother, we may begin to subscribe and collect Tomorrow. *Mr. Powerblind,* I hope you'll assist us sometimes.

*Powerblind.* Ay, with all my Soul; any Thing to have an Organ. But don't you think the Ladies will contribute largely.

*Pasquali.* Ay, that they will; I will answer for the young Ladies.

*Thunderchurch.* And I'll answer for our Society of jolly Dames; they shall open their Purfes, or any Thing else that I shall think proper.

*Pasquali.* Well, so far Business is over; and now if *Thunderchurch* will roar out a Song I made on his Female Society's promoting the Organ, which is written after the Manner, and to the Tune of, *The Blue Bells of Ireland*, here it is.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, with all my Heart. But first let's drink.

*Omnes.* Ay, Ay. [All drink.]

S O N G.

**N**<sup>1.</sup>*EW*S, Ladies, News, brave News I can you tell;  
An ORGAN soon will be erect, and please you  
wondrous well,  
And tho' you've all try'd many a one, you'll find this will  
excel.

C H O R U S.

And the Organ Subscription goes on, Girls, well,  
And Money comes on every Side, ding, dong, Bell.

2. Then

14 JUSTICE Triumphant: or,

Then open wide---your Purses, your Money give, my Dears;  
This ORGAN's Tune exceed will soon the Musick of the Spheres,  
And tho' it may not please---your Eyes, I'm sure it will  
your Ears.

And the Organ, &c.

On this the President, with Help, from Chair made shift to  
rise\*,  
Says, she, you know I love---an ORGAN better than my Eyes;  
And if we do subscribe, I---move, to have the largest Size.

And the Organ, &c.

That Motion I do second, replies Taxdouble's Wife;  
And to prevent all Discontent, all fresh Disputes and Strife,  
The ORGAN that he recommends will please you, on my Life.

And the Organ, &c.

We all agree in this, says she, who's marked on the Thumb;  
I'd give a Toast, if I had Wine. I'll fill a Bumper---Come,  
The ORGAN, Ladies, that can please---the BEST  
IN CHRISTENDOM.

And the Organ, &c.

\* This might happen either from her Bulk, or other Causes incidental  
to their Meetings.

*Thunderchurch.* A good Song, Faith; I'll sing it the first Time our Club meets.

*Pasquali and Powerblind.* Gentlemen, Good Night.

*Weathergood.* No, let's all go together; we all go the same Way.

*All.* Good Night, Mr. Cent per Cent, Good Night.

*Cent per Cent.* Good Night, I wish you well home, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Tallow-Chandler's Shop.*

*Thunderchurch alone.*

THUS far Things go well.---But still some Doubts disturb me, in Regard to *Weathergood's* Behaviour; I know he is a Member of the Jingle-headed Club, that cursed Obstacle to Vestry-Rulers; and may, by their Persuasion and his own Timidity, in Case any Opposition is made to this glorious Scheme, be induced to drop it. Some Method must be thought of to remedy this then---Hold, let me think. [*Pauses*] Ay---I have it. *Powerblind's* the Man; I know he's invincibly obstinate and violent in his Desires for Church-Musick. *Weathergood's* Year is just expiring, both he and *Cent per Cent* will be



be out, I and *Powerblind* shall be the two Church-wardens; the Doctor must nominate *Powerblind*, and with his Connivance, and some Management, we shall make a Posse to chuse me, that will be too numerous for any sudden unconcerted Opposition. But I see *Cent per Cent* with his Subscription Roll. Hip! how go you on?

*Enter Cent per Cent.*

*Cent per Cent.* O swimmingly, See here, [*Shews the Subscription Roll.*] Here is already more subscribed than will be wanting. I have managed bravely, Faith; some who are employ'd in Parish Business I gave broad Hints of my Displeasure in case they did not subscribe; some who doubted the Justness of our Proceedings, and of our Application of the Sum gathered, to them I shewed the Doctor's Name; that wiped off all Objections---None doubted of the Uprightness of his Intentions, or believed he would engage in any illegal Proceedings. As for the Ladies---Why Faith I did not come off so well as I expected; but I coax'd some however, as you may see---And for your Club, they were all hearty.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, ay, I told you they would not flinch.

*Cent per Cent.* No more they did not, i'faith. But [*Ha! Ha! Ha! an affected Laugh*] I must tell you a Story that happen'd to me in collecting (in *Little Cheyne-Row*). I goes to a House where there stood at the Door a good pretty Woman, i'faith, dressed

dressed tight and clean, like a Servant; she had been buying something, I suppose; Sweetheart, says I, is your Master within? No, says she. Is your Mistress within? No, says she. Why, Child, (getting hold of her by the Hand; egad my Mouth water'd for a Kiss) says I, we are gathering for the Organ; you are a pretty good-humour'd Girl; speak to thy Mistress in our Favour, wilt thou? Says she, I am sure my Master nor Mistress will not give any Thing. Says I, How do you know that, my Dear? O! says she, I know my Mistress's Mind as well as my own. 'Fore Gad, then I smelt a Rat; this is the Lady of the House, thinks I; so I slunk away as fast as I could, and never look'd behind me.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, rot your old Hatchet-Face, if you had been young and handsome, you might have got something, may be; but how the Devil could you imagine a Woman would like your handling her?

*Cent per Cent.* Well, well, Time was when I have not been refused.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, that may have been: But how does your Partner behave in this Affair; is he hearty?

*Cent per Cent.* No, Faith, every little Objection weighs with him; but here he is, in Haste and discomposed.

*Enter Weathergood.*

*Cent per Cent.* Well, what's the Hurry, what News!

D

*Weathergood.*

*Weathergood.* News! why we are like to have more Obstruction than you dream of, I believe. Yonder's Sir Joseph Speechmaker, has put in a Caveat against the Organ.

*Thunderchurch.* Pshaw! d---n his Caveat, what signifies him? why he never comes to Church, what has he to do with it, I wonder!

*Weatherthergood.* Well, however, I don't care to be concerned, as there is a Probability of Dispute. I am a Tradesman, and must not disoblige Gentlemen: My Time is but short; I have not above a Week or ten Days; I'll go quietly out of my Office, if I can.

*Cent per Cent.* [*Aside.*] Egad there is something in what he says; as long as the Money is to be put into my Hands, that's enough; if there are any Disputes, I shall keep it the longer, and make the better Use of it.

*Thunderchurch.* Why if you don't care to go any further in it, why let it alone; don't oppose us, we'll be contented. But you are a Member of the Jingle-Headed Club, what will they do, think ye?

*Weathergood.* Oh! they are grown so careless of their original Design in meeting, that you would laugh to hear an Instance or two I could give you.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, do, I shall be glad to hear it.

*Weathergood.* Why then you must know, one of our Laws is this, to meet at Six, and every Member who does not come before Eight to forfeit Six Pence; now there is another, that orders all Business to be

over



over by Eight; but as there is no Forfeit due if a Man saves his Distance by being there at, or soon after that Time, no Body comes before, hardly; and so, you know, (ha! ha! ha!) then Business must be finish'd before there's any Body there to begin.

*Thunderchurch.* Excellent! go on.

*Weathergood.* Well, you know we chuse every Month two Visitors, to visit the Workhouse, and see the House is in good Order, &c. (which, by the way, was the original Cause of meeting) if these two Visitors never go near the Workhouse in the whole Time, how do you think we prevent that for the future?

*Cent per Cent.* Nay, Faith, I can't tell.

*Weathergood.* Why chuse the same again, for their Diligence; and so on from Month to Month; and sometimes they know nothing of the Matter, neither.

*Thunderchurch.* A most excellent Management, indeed, ha! ha! ha! I thought it would come to this, when *Jack Bustleabout* died; I fear'd none but him.

*Cent per Cent.* Nor I neither, Faith.

*Weathergood.* Why he was an honest sensible well-meaning Man; he had the Good of the Parish at Heart, I really believe.

*Thunderchurch.* Why that's true; I can't say but I believe he had; but he always opposed me, you know. Well, but is this all you do at your Society?

*Weathergood.* Why no, not all; for as soon as Business is over, which, as I told you before, must

be sometimes (if we obey our Rules) over before it begins; why then Somebody calls for a Song from STICK-IT-IN, the Surgeon; and so we sing, and squabble, and scold, and get drunk, and go home.

*Cent per Cent.* A fine Society to prevent Abuses in Parish-Officers; we need not fear these, I am sure.

*Thunderchurch.* No, Faith, I think not, indeed. But to the Point: Do you, *Weathergood*, really decline to go on.

*Weathergood.* Yes, I had rather not.

*Thunderchurch.* Well, then be quiet, and leave the whole Affair to me. I'll manage it, I warrant you. *Cent per Cent.*, you won't flinch, I hope?

*Cent per Cent.* No, no, never fear me; I'll go through thick and thin with you, let me but keep the Bag.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, ay, that you shall, depend upon it.

*Cent per Cent.* Well, then Success attend you. Good bye.

*Thunderchurch.* Your Servant. I'll go immediately to *Shaveall's*, there's no Time to be lost in this Affair.

*Weathergood.* I wish you well with all my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A Barber's Shop, a very small Fire, and a little Bit of Mutton roasting on a String. Shaveall turning it.*

*Shaveall.* Charles, get me a Bit of Bread, I'll have a Sop in the Pan; have you shaved the Workhouse to Day?

*Charles.* No, Sir, Sowdirty shaves now by Order of the Churchwarden.

*Shaveall.* Does he so, a poor Rascal, I'll crush him, I'll inform against him for shaving on Sundays, that Penalty will break him at once. [*Knocking*] See who's that, I hope no Body come to Dinner.

*Charles.* No, Sir, it's Mr. Thunderchurch.

*Shaveall.* Oh! how do you Master Thunderchurch?

*Thunderchurch.* Why, Faith, very lame with the Gout in this Right Hand. That last Treat we had at *Cent per Cent's*, about giving Places in the Pews, has almost knock'd me up by G--d; that Quarter of Lamb we had, and the Liquor we drank, has punish'd me sufficiently for being concern'd in Simony. But as yet I can make shift to hobble about.

*Shaveall.* Ay, ay, you should live like me, frugally and sparingly, and then you would never have the Gout; you have been a sad one in your Time, you suffer for your past Pleasures, while I, tho' I'm a little thin and meagre, it's true (but that from my spare



spare Diet) am otherwise hale and hearty. But what's your Business with me?

*Thunderchurch.* Why, I suppose your Son has told you our Scheme about the Organ.

*Shaveall.* Yes, he has.

*Thunderchurch.* But there's an Obstacle that must be remov'd, and you must assist us in it.

*Shaveall.* Well, what is it?

*Thunderchurch.* Why, Sir *Joseph Speechmaker* has put in a Caveat, which we must remove, or go on in Defiance of.

*Shaveall.* I am afraid that will cost some Money; I don't care to do any more than subscribe.

*Thunderchurch.* No, no,---we shan't want any Money of you, there is more probability that you will get than lose.

*Shaveall.* Oh! well enough then, I am ready to serve you, speak out, what must I do?

*Thunderchurch.* Why, thus then; *Weathergood* declines acting in this Affair, and as his Year is just expired, we must chuse two new Churchwardens for the next Year, that will put up the Organ, let what will be the Consequence.

*Shaveall.* And who will you find in the whole Parish that will dare to do such a Thing?

*Thunderchurch.* Who! why I myself by G---d for one. I'll put it up, and let's see who will pull it down again. What, don't you remember how I behav'd before in that Affair, about the Poor's having of Mutton instead of Beef? Did not I and

*Tom*

*Tom Jolly* the Butcher bully the whole Parish, and carry our Point in spite of all Opposition?

*Shaveall.* Ay, that you did, surprisingly indeed. But who can you find to join with you in this? Who do you propose for your Partner?

*Thunderchurch.* Why, *Powerblind*; for once put him in Power, and talk to him of Church-Musick, you exalt him so, that he'll drive on without ever troubling his Head about what follows. I know him, he has a great Opinion of himself, and is damn'd obstinate.

*Shaveall.* But you know he has not served any Office, the Parish will hardly chuse him to be sure over so many abler and as honest Men's Heads.

*Thunderchurch.* Why, that I know, therefore the Doctor must chuse him for his, and that is what I came to you about. You must use your Endeavours to get the Doctor to chuse him.

*Shaveall.* O Lord! Why you know the Doctor is very angry with him, he'll never chuse him to be sure.

*Thunderchurch.* I'll warrant you. The Doctor is a good-natur'd Man, he is a litte warm and hasty, but at the Bottom is of a forgiving Temper. Tell him, *Powerblind* and I are heartily sorry, and will for the future do any thing to make amends for our past Conduct. Let him know of *Weathergood's* falling off, but that I and *Powerblind* are resolute to go on at all Events, and put up the Organ as soon as possible. I know that he is very desirous of that, as he thinks it advances the Dignity of the Church,  
and

and that, as we will do any thing he pleases, all the Authority will be in effect lodged in him. These are his two weak Sides, and you will put him in such a good Humour, that he'll soon forgive what's past, I dare say.

*Shaveall.* Well, I'll try ; but I am very fearful I shan't succeed. But how will you be chose, why, you have been Churchwarden already ?

*Thunderchurch.* That don't signify ; our Posse, and the Doctor's Approbation, will be too many for any Obstruction we shall meet with. Do you get the Doctor to chuse *Powerblind*, and you put me up, I'll warrant we carry the Day.

*Shaveall.* I'll do it with all my might. But hark'e (*takes him aside*) you, you'll let me shave the Workhouse if you are chose ; eh, won't you ?

*Thunderchurch.* O, ay to be sure, by G--d, who else do you think.

*Shaveall.* Well, that's all---I thank'e, my good Friend, you may depend upon me.

*Thunderchurch.* Your Servant ; you won't neglect this, I beg.

*Shaveall.* No, no, never fear, good bye.

*Thunderchurch.* Well, your Servant.

[*Exeunt Thunderchurch. Manet Shaveall.*]

Well, I think there is no Danger of losing any Thing in this Affair. I'll e'en about it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE



S C E N E III.

*A Bed-Chamber, with Books, &c. as before. The Doctor writing. After some little Time he reads a Paragraph.*

“ Nothing contributes so much to the exalting  
“ our Ideas of the Divine Happiness, and the Joys  
“ of Heaven, as Church Musick; it elevates the  
“ Spirits, makes them all Attention, and at length  
“ carries Imagination to such a Pitch, that we soar  
“ above the Earth, and think we hear the heavenly  
“ Choir above.”

I believe this will do, this Sermon will promote a Subscription. [*A Noise at the Door*] What Noise is that? who's there? come in.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, Mr. Shaveall's below, would you please to be shaved?

*Doctor.* Ay, bid him come up, and get Water warm'd and Things ready. [*Exit Servant, and enter Shaveall.*] Mr. Shaveall, good Morrow. Well, what's the News?

*Shaveall.* Why, Sir, I hear the Organ Subscription is in a manner full.

*Doctor.* Ay, who told you so?

*Shaveall.* Thunderchurch, just now almost, Sir.

*Dr.* What, have you seen him? What says he to it?

E

*Shaveall.*

*Shaveall.* Say! why the Thing would never have gone on but for him; he's the Heart and Soul of it: And I believe he aims at getting a Pardon from you for his past Behaviour; for he is very penitent, to my certain Knowledge, and is always speaking handsomely of you: And there's another who has offended you, as penitent and zealous as he, poor *Powerblind*; I wish, Sir, you would forgive them, it would be a good Thing of you, and I am sure fix them hereafter your firm Friends in any thing to serve you.

*Doctor.* You know I am not offended with them without Reason: But ---

*Shaveall speaks.* Sir, Every Thing is ready; will you be pleased to be shaved?

*Doctor.* Ay. [*Sits down to be shaved, and in Shaving Shaveall speaks almost all the Time, the Doctor only at Intervals.*]

*Shaveall.* But, Sir, you know sincere Penitents should be forgiven; our Religion teaches us that, as I have often heard you excellently preach. I wish you would make me the Messenger of your Kindness to them.

*Doctor.* Well, God forgive them; I do.

*Shaveall.* God bless you, Sir; and I thank you heartily. But, Sir, you have heard of the Caveat, I suppose?

*Doctor.* Ay, I have.

*Shaveall.* And, Sir, *Weathergood* has declined going on in this Affair, on that Account.

*Doctor.*

*Doctor.* Has he? I did not know that.

*Shaveall.* Yes, he has, indeed; but his Time is but short, you know. I suppose you have thought of Somebody in his Room.

*Doctor.* No, not yet, I am not fixed.

*Shaveall.* Ay, Sir, if you would but give me Leave to speak; it must be a resolute Man who will put up the Organ now; but I believe I know one or two.

*Doctor.* Who are they? Speak.

*Shaveall.* Why, Sir, if you would chuse *Power-blind*, we would get the Parish to chuse *Thunderchurch*; and I'm sure they will put up an Organ; else I do not know where you'll find any other that will, I'm sure.

*Doctor.* Don't talk of it: What, make the two Men the whole Parish know I hate, Churchwardens! I'll never do it.

*Shaveall.* Why, what have the People to do with whom you chuse? and what Business have they to interfere about whom you forgive, and whom you do not?

*Doctor.* That's true.

*Shaveall.* Indeed, Sir, that's the only Method to pursue.

*Doctor.* I won't hear any more of this.

*Shaveall.* I am sorry for it; but, Sir, I hope you will excuse me; my well-wishing to the Organ, and to see you have two Churchwardens that will do any thing you would have, prompted me to say so much



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as I have done; but I'll say no more; I'm now afraid I shall never see an Organ in the Church, as long as I live. Sir, I have done: Shall I wash you?

*Doctor.* No, I'll wash myself.

*Shaveall.* [*Gathering his Things.*] Sir, I hope I have not offended?

*Doctor.* No, no: Good Morrow to you.

*Shaveall.* Sir, your most humble Servant. [*Exit.*

*The Doctor solus.*

This Caveat perplexes me: It is a most vexatious Thing, to think there are no two Persons to be found, but the two that I have the least Inclination to employ, that will have Spirit to go through this Undertaking. I must do it, there is no other Method to pursue; and to lose this Opportunity will be inexcusable; we shall never have the like. [*Rings.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Doctor.* Will, run, call Mr. *Shaveall* back.

[*Exit Servant.*

However, whatever People may think of my acting thus, my Conscience tells me, the Motive that induces me, is, the Desire I have to advance the Good of the Church.

*Servant enters.*

*Servant.* Sir, here is Mr. *Shaveall*.

*Doctor.* Oh! Mr. *Shaveall*, I sent for you back, to inform you, that your Reasons, and the Necessity of Affairs, have at last prevailed on me to forget all  
past

past Behaviour of these Men, and to chuse *Power-blind* my Churchwarden ; and all in my Interest shall promote the Election of *Thunderchurch*. I hope they will make a grateful Return.

*Shaveall*. I dare say they will ; and I think I may already venture to congratulate you on the Success of the Organ ; for you may depend these will put it up, come what will.

*Doctor*. But I desire this may be a Secret till the Election comes on ; let none know, but such as are absolutely necessary.

*Shaveall*. Sir, you may depend upon it. Good Morrow.

*Doctor*. Your Servant. [Exit *Shaveall*.]

*Doctor*. Well, thank God this Conflict is now over, and may Heaven prosper it, as it is design'd for the Glory of God. [Exit.]

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S C E N E IV.

*The Street.*

*Shaveall* walking with his *Basin*, &c.

*Shaveall*. Well, I have succeeded to the utmost of my Wishes : This will be joyful News to *Thunderchurch* ; I'll go immediately and tell him. [Exit.]

SCENE

## S C E N E V.

*A Room at the Angel.**Shaveall to Thunderchurch, entering.*

*Shaveall.* They told me at your House you was here. Well, the Affair is done : The Doctor, after absolutely refusing to comply, and being angry at my Proposal, sent for me back, and will do all you desir'd. I call'd at *Powerblind's* : He's a coming.

*Thunderchurch.* He'll be a little surpriz'd, I don't doubt : He little thinks of being Churchwarden, I dare say. Come, we'll have a Pint of White Wine to drink his Health. Here, *Yo*, bring a Pint of Lisbon, and a Mouthful of Bread.

*Enter Powerblind.*

*Powerblind.* Your Servant, Gentlemen. Well, What have you to do with me?

*Thunderchurch* [*going to drink*]. Why, Mr. Churchwarden elect, only to drink Success to you in your new Office.

*Powerblind.* Hey! hey! What Fun are you upon now? What do you mean by calling me Churchwarden?

*Shaveall.* Why, 'tis even so. The Doctor intends to chuse you, and he has bid me to tell you so.

*Powerblind.*



*Powerblind.* Why, I know nothing of a Churchwarden's Duty; and I have never serv'd in any Office in the Parish before.

*Thunderchurch.* Oh! as to your Duty, I'll tell you that; only join your Interest to get me elected for the Parish, and we'll manage together well enough, I warrant you. But I can tell you the putting-up of the Organ is the principal Cause of our being chose, and you must be resolute in the Affair.

*Powerblind.* That I will, you may depend upon it. Come, here's the Doctor's Health, and Success to the Organ Scheme. [*Drinks.*]

*Shaveall.* With all my Heart; but I hope you'll both for the future behave to the Doctor with more Respect than you have formerly done.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, that we will. Well, you'll both bring your Friends to the Vestry; I'll about to mine, and make Interest. I shall hardly see you again before the Election.

*Shaveall.* I believe not. I must home to Dinner; God be with you.

*Thunderchurch and Powerblind.* Your Servant.

*Powerblind.* Well, let's go together. You must instruct me.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, ay, that I will, never fear. There, Jo's for a Pint of Wine. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*Thunderchurch's Door.**Thunderchurch, Taxdouble, and Powerblind.*

*Taxdouble.* Well, from whence come you? What have you been both of you about? Does the Organ go smoothly, or no? They talk of a Caveat being enter'd against it: Is that true?

*Thunderchurch.* Yes, but we don't mind that: Here, you may wish *Powerblind* Joy; he is the *Doctor's* Churchwarden elect.

*Taxdouble.* Ay! how comes that to pass!

*Thunderchurch.* Why, *Weathergood* has dropt the Affair; and as his Time will be out so soon, we have deferr'd going on, till after the new Election, and then we'll proceed at once; for the Doctor has promised to chuse him; and, with your Assistance and our other Friends, I don't doubt getting myself chose for the Parish: You must bring *Sweet William* with you.

*Taxdouble.* That you may be sure of. He and I won't fail you. Well, Master *Powerblind*, I wish you Joy, with all my Heart.

*Powerblind.* I thank you kindly. Your-Servant.

*All.* Yours, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

*At the Angel ---- after the Election.*

Thunderchurch, Powerblind, Taxdouble, Cent per Cent, Shaveall, Pasquali, &c.

*Thunderchurch.* What a damn'd Noise that Lawyer made, with his hoarse Voice! who would have thought they would have demanded a Poll?

*Cent per Cent.* Faith---I did not think they would have thought of that.

*Shaveall.* No, nor any Body else. I thought we had the Thing sure, on the holding up of Hands.

*Powerblind.* Well, Gentlemen, don't let us be uneasy at this; I shall look on *Thunderchurch* as my Partner still amongst us, and follow his Steps.

*Thunderchurch.* Why, if you will do as I will have you, we will put up the Organ without *Barley-Mow's* Consent, if he does not come into our Measures. I can tell you, the Doctor play'd cunning there, in naming him; for if the other Side had polled, they would have carried it, no doubt; therefore it is better to have him, who is of no Side, than to have a profest Enemy. But, come, let's have some Wine.

*Taxdouble.* Ay, come, Mr. Churchwarden, your Health: This is your Bottle.

F

*Powerblind.*



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*Powerblind.* I thank you. I desire we may meet three Days hence all at Mr. *Chaunter's*, at the *King's Arms*, and there we'll determine what Methods to pursue. In the mean Time I'll sound *Barley-Mow*, and see how he'll stand affected.

*Thunderchurch.* Agreed; at Six o'Clock, without fail. Let's be all private and snug.

*Cent per Cent.* I'll endeavour to be there, but I can't promise. Your Servant all.

*Taxdouble.* Your Servant.

*Pasquali and Shaveall.* Your Servant.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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S C E N E VIII.

*A Room at the King's Arms.*

*Wine, Pipes, Tobacco, &c. on a Table.*

*Thunderchurch and Powerblind.*

*Thunderchurch.* I wonder no Body else is come yet.

*Powerblind.* So do I; but however, I'll gather in the Subscription Tomorrow, and order the Organ-Maker to go on as fast as possible.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, you're in the right; since your Partner don't care to collect with you, *Cent per Cent* shall go. As long as he is to keep the Money, I think he should take some of the Trouble. But here he is.

*Enter*

*Enter Cent per Cent.*

*Powerblind.* Your Servant, Mr. *Cent per Cent.*

Well, you must go along with me Tomorrow to get in the Money; for my Partner is not staunch: He seems to be neither off nor on: I don't know what to make of him.

*Cent per Cent.* Well, never mind him; I'll go with you, with all my Heart.

*Powerblind.* I thank you. But in Case my Partner should oppose me in this, what must be done then?

*Thunderchurch.* Why, proceed without him. One Churchwarden is sufficient. But, however, to prevent any Objection to putting up the Organ, we'll call a Vestry, and propose it there: We must all be there to support you; and if it should happen that there is a Majority against us, we may, after that, exert our Authority, and put it up in spite of all Opposition. Oh! your Servant, Gentlemen. What, you are come at last?

*[To Paspuali, Taxdouble entering.]*

*Taxdouble.* Ay, ay. Well, what have you agreed on? What do you design to do?

*Thunderchurch.* Why, go on as fast as possible: We intend to begin to collect the Money subscribed Tomorrow: Call a Vestry to consider of a Place to put it up in, to which we must bring a Posse for fear of Opposition; and in Case we should be outvoted, I'd have *Powerblind* put it up himself of his own Authority.

*Taxdouble.* Why I think you are all in the right: But should not we have a Faculty from the Commons to put this up?

*Powerblind.* Why, ay, we should; but then we must remove the Caveat, and I am afraid that won't be so easily done.

*Thunderchurch.* Why, what Reasons are given that there should not be an Organ?

*Powerblind.* Puh! Only that the Parish is in Debt, and that the Church and Poor's Rates are already too high: That this will be an additional Charge to the Parish: That the Church is too small for the Parish already: That the Organ will take up Room; and several more such trifling ones, I can't remember: But, however, we shall not be able to refute them; so I think we had as good proceed, and take no Notice at all of it. There are Precedents of Organs being put up without Faculties, and when they were once up, no Body thought it worth their Pains to apply to the Commons to take them down.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, and that will be the Case here, I dare say: I don't think there's a Man in the Parish would spend a Farthing of his own Money to maintain the Rights and Privileges of it in any one Thing, and we shall be able to prevent their being supported at the publick Expence, I warrant you.

*Gent per Cent.* Why, won't Sir *Joseph*, d'ye think, stand by his Caveat?

*Taxdouble.*



*Taxdouble.* Not he, he loves his Money too well to take upon him the whole Expence; and I don't hear any Body is like to join with him.

*Pasquali.* No, I don't think there is; for though there are some that seem to be against it, I believe they will hardly think it worth their while to be at any Expence about the Matter.

*Thunderchurch.* Why then there's an End of the Dispute. Let's go on, and take no Notice of the Caveat.

*Powerblind.* With all my Heart: If any Body speaks about a Faculty, I'll say, I have one. And now our Business is over, suppose we ask our Landlord to come in, and take a Glas or two; he can give us a good Song.

*Pasquali.* So he can.

*Thunderchurch.* Why then let's call him in. [*Rings.*

*Enter Servant.*

Here, desire Mr. Chaunter to walk in.

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Taxdouble.* Why we must make him one of us; he must come to Vestry.

*Powerblind.* Ay, we shall have him, sure enough.

*Enter Chaunter.*

*Chaunter.* Your Servant, Gentlemen.

*Thunderchurch.* Your Servant, Mr. Chaunter: Sit down and drink with us. Come, here's a Bumper, Success to the Organ Scheme.

*Chaunter.*

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*Chaunter.* With all my Heart, Gentlemen: I thank you for this Favour.

*Taxdouble.* Ay, ay, but you must come to Vestry, and be for putting up the Organ.

*Chaunter.* That I will, with all my Heart. I love Musick as well as any Body.

*Pasquali.* But *Chaunter*, you must give us a Song. Do sing the new Subscription Song *Lowe* sings at the Playhouse.

*Chaunter.* With all my Heart, Sir.

*Thunderchurch.* Drink first, though. Come, here's the Doctor to you.

[*All drink----* *Chaunter* sings.

The new Subscription Song, sung by Mr. *Lowe*,  
at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

1.

TO the Words that I sing, Fellow-Subjects, attend;  
Believe them for Truth, and the Thoughts of a  
Friend:

*As long as ye wisely and jointly agree,*

*None can be so happy, so happy, so happy,*

*None can be so happy, since none are so free;*

*None can be so happy, &c.*

*To fill a Subscription, then, chearfully join,*

*That is rais'd in Defence of the Protestant Line,*

*That is rais'd in Defence of the Protestant Line.*

2. By

By Subscription so strengthen'd, despise ev'ry Flight;  
None can do ye Wrong, while ye do yourselves Right;  
And as long as Great George is your mighty Defender,  
Regard not the Devil, the Pope, or Pretender:

But let each Man subscribe, and most chearfully join,  
To assist his good King and the Protestant Line.

We'll not be oblig'd after Fryars to dandle,  
To be curs'd, when they please, by their Bell, Book and  
Candle;

But Britons, repugnant to Papal Submission,  
Shall laugh at proud Rome and her damn'd Inquisition:  
Without any Restraint, then, most chearfully join,  
In the Cause of your King and the Protestant Line.

'Tis George that we honour, for George we subscribe,  
And I warrant we'll scatter the Vagabond Tribe;  
Brave Wade shall disperse ev'ry Object of Fear,  
And drive 'em to Rome---we've no Room for them here:  
Fill up your Subscription, for Time's on the Wing,  
And let each loyal Subject say, God save the King.

*Thunderchurch.* Thank you; a very good Song.

*Pasquali.* So it is----I tell you what, Ill make a  
Song in Imitation of this, to the same Tune, about  
the



the Organ Subscription, and give it him to learn, to sing the first Meeting after the Organ is put up.

*Powerblind.* Do; that will be kind.

*Chaunter.* I shall endeavour to learn it, to please you, Gentlemen.

*Cent per Cent.* Well, Gentlemen, I'm for going home; I have Business to do.

*Taxdouble.* Ay, let's be going, I say.

*Powerblind.* Well, then we'll all go---This is because it is not at his House.

[*Aside to Thunderchurch.*

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, so it is. [*Aside to Powerblind.*

*Pasquali.* I suppose this is to be paid out of the Collection, isn't it?

*Cent per Cent.* I thought that was only at my House.

*Taxdouble.* Yes, to be sure, you must pay this, and put it to Accompt.

*Cent per Cent.* Very well. There's the Reck'ning, Landlord. Good Night to you.

*Chaunter.* You are welcome, Gentlemen. Thank you kindly, Gentlemen.

*All speak.* Good Night, good Night. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Waterside, near Saltero's Coffee-House.*

Cent per Cent, Powerblind, and the Beadle.

POWERBLIND.

WELL, I did not imagine the Bishop would have asked about a Faculty; egad, I did not know what to do; at first I hesitated, but at last I thought it was best to say yes: I should not have minded any body else half so much; I should have said yes at once to them.

*Cent per Cent.* But I think Sir *Vertuoso Gimcrack's* asking a Note for his Money to be return'd, in case the Organ was pull'd down or silenced, was very extraordinary; one would have thought the Doctor had prevented any Doubts of his.

*Powerblind.* Why ay; but you know in any thing about Money he is very sharp. He is a cunning old Fox---But we'll call on the Justice; let's see what he'll do.

*Cent per Cent.* Why he did not subscribe; I believe we shall get nothing of him, for he hates the Doctor, and loves his Money; but I want to see if he'll grant the Overseers Warrants of Distress for their Rate, so we'll call, and do both together.

[Rings at the Justice's Door.]

G

Servant.

*Servant.* My Master's busy at present, but will meet you at the Coffee-House in half an Hour.

*Powerblind.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Saltero's Coffee-House.*

*Mr. Cent per Cent, and Mr. Powerblind.*

*Cent per Cent.* This Justice always makes us stay, and puts us off when he comes, from time to time.

*Powerblind.* Ay, so I am told he does; but you know we can't do without him, no Body else acts. But I hear his Voice; he is coming up.

*Enter Justice Jobber.*

*Justice.* Well, Mr. Churchwardens, what do you want with me?

*Cent per Cent.* An't please your Worship, we are gathering towards an Organ, and we hope to have the Honour of your Subscription.

*Justice.* No: I won't give a Farthing. What do you mean by asking me? Are not the Rates and Taxes too much already? I am sure I can't lett my Houses as it is, and how shall I if this goes on? But I'll put a Stop to these Proceedings: I'll sign no more Poors Rates at the Height you make them.

*Powerblind.* This Organ, an't please your Worship, is to be paid for voluntarily, all free Gift.

*Justice.*



*Justice.* A Part of free Gift. I tell you I'll do nothing for the Parish, unless they pay the Expence I was at for standing a Mandamus on a Rate made by your former Churchwardens. You can easily tell what will be the Consequence of that : You must bring another to make me sign, and that will cost more than my Demand is.

*Cent per Cent.* He says true, indeed. Well, Sir, tho' we can't do it, we'll recommend it to the Overseers.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, here's the Woman that sings *Cuddle me longer in Bed, &c.* so drunk she can hardly stand, and she says she will come to you to complain of the Overseers.

*Cent per Cent.* I wish your Worship would take Care of her ; she's so troublesome there's no bearing her.

*Justice.* Bring her up. I'll manage her I warrant you,

*Enter Old Woman drunk.*

*Justice.* How now ! What means this Insolence ? Do you know who I am ? I'll make you know I am the King's Magistrate. You shall find I represent his Majesty.

*Old Woman.* Re--re-- [*Hiccup*] present : I have heard---when your Worship pleases to a that you, you, re--represent an old Woman [*Hiccup*] the best of any one in *England*.

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*Justice.* I'll commit you, Hussy, for this : You shall go to Bridewell.

*Old Woman.* Ha ! ha ! that's out of your Power, I'm sure [*Hiccup*] for I can ha--ha--hardly stand, and I won't go, I'll be ca--ca--carried in a Coach [*Hiccup*]. But as your Worship is so good as to re--represent an old Woman sometimes----it would be Charity in you to represent me, and take my Place.

*Justice.* There's no bearing this ; here, Beadle, take her into Custody : I'll commit her to the House of Correction.

*Old Woman.* Why then your Wo--Wo--Worship may kiss my Arse, and be damn'd.

*Beadle.* Come along, come.

[*Exit Old Woman, singing Cuddle me longer in Bed, &c.*]

*Manet Justice, Cent per Cent, and Powerblind.*

*Cent per Cent.* An't please you, Sir, I was asking your Worship for Warrants of Distress for People who won't pay the Rates : The Overseers will wait on you themselves soon for them.

*Justice.* Why look'e, here you can't get the Rates paid without distressing People, as they are now, and at the same Time are bringing a fresh Burthen on the Parish.

*Powerblind.* But, Sir, we propose to pay the Expence of the Organ and Organist by voluntary Contribution.

*Justice.*

*Justice.* Ay, but if that does not do, then it will come to be levy'd in the Church Rates. I tell you, I'll subscribe none; as for the Warrants of Distress and future Rates, I'll neither grant nor sign any, till I am paid my Expences.

*Cent per Cent.* Well, Sir, we'll recommend it to the Overseers; that's all, Sir, we can do. Your Servant, Sir.

[*Exeunt Cent per Cent and Powerblind.*]

*Powerblind to Cent per Cent.* This is a monstrous Demand.

*Cent per Cent.* Ay, so it is.

---

S C E N E III.

*Powerblind's House.*

*Powerblind, Thunderchurch, Cent per Cent, and Zeal after Vestry.*

*Powerblind speaks.* Come, you shall all take a Dram after our Battle; Faith, I think we behaved gloriously, considering we had the Majority and my Partner too against us.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, and the Advice that *Zeal* gave was right, and boldly spoken.

*Zeal.* Why really I think it was best to make no more Words about the Matter; and since they would not consent, tell them, you would do it without them.

*Cent per Cent.*



46 JUSTICE *Triumphant* : or,

*Cent per Cent.* Come, let's drink; I must be going home.

*Powerblind* [*drinks*]. Come, then, here's the old Toast, Success, &c. and in two or three Days it shall be put up, come what will.

*Zeal.* Right, Father, shew your Authority; shew what a Churchwarden dare do, when he's put on his Mettle.

*Powerblind.* That's what I will do---Mr. *Cent per Cent*, you have Money enough now in your Hands to pay the Organ-BUILDER 120l. for the first Payment; so I reckon by this Day se'nnight the Organ will be up, and we'll meet at your House, and make the first Payment.

*Cent per Cent.* Ay, with all my Heart; till then good bye.

*Thunderchurch.* Your Servant.

[*Exeunt Cent per Cent and Thunderchurch.*]

*Manent Powerblind and Zeal.*

*Zeal.* Well, Father, go on and prosper; it's for the Glory of God, and you need not doubt Success, the Lord will protect you; so God bless you.

*Powerblind.* The same to you. [*Exit Zeal.*]

*Powerblind.* Well, I shall have an Opportunity now of making *Crotchet* Organist, and by that Means his Brother *Quaver* will now and then come and give us an Afternoon's Entertainment. I'll about it with all Expedition.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Cent. per Cent's House.

*A Room, with a Table, Pipes, Wine, Tobacco, &c.*

Cent per Cent *solus*, counting Money.

Well, tho' I have it all but what little *Shaveall* has in his Hands, I'll not pay him to Night; he shall come Tomorrow; and then I shall have two Meetings instead of one.

*Enter Shaveall, Taxdouble, Thunderchurch, Powerblind, and Windpipes.*

*Cent per Cent.* You're welcome, Gentlemen, all! Your Servant, your Servant.

*Thunderchurch, and others.* Your Servants.

*Thunderchurch.* Come, Mr. *Windpipes*, sit down. You see we are Men of Honour, we are punctual in our Payment.

*Windpipes.* I did not in the least doubt it; and you'll find the Instrument nothing worse than I have told you, and in that I am a Man of Honour too.

*Powerblind.* We don't doubt it; but you must take Care of it for some Time *gratis*, till we can get a Vestry to make you an annual Stipend.

*Windpipes.* That I will, to be sure. You must expect for some Time it will frequently want little

Alterations:

Alterations: All Instruments do at first; but in Time that will go off.

*Shaveall* [*pulling out his Money*]. Mr. *Cent per Cent*, there is what Money has been paid into my Hands.

*Cent per Cent*. Very well, Sir; but come, Gentlemen, drink.

*Shaveall*. Ay, I'll pledge you. We shall have my late Partner soon: I ask'd him to come.

*Thunderchurch*. Did you? Why, he's one that has not paid his Subscription.

*Cent per Cent*. Ay, he refuses to pay, because it is against the Consent of the Vestry.

*Powerblind*. Yes, there's several that refuse to pay their Subscription-Money on that Account, and say that we are doing an illegal Thing, and a Deal of such Stuff; but I told them, I knew what I was about; I did not want their Advice, but their Money. There's our Lecturer, the little Parson, he pretended to talk, and give me Advice, and said he did subscribe; but then it was with a Proviso we did every Thing legally; and that we had no Faculty, and so on; and he won't pay till all Things are done according to Law.

*Taxdouble*. Ay, he came in against our Interest: I never liked him: He has a damn'd Spirit: There's no bullying him, I know, nor talking him off neither; but, however, since he won't pay his Subscription, I'll tell you a Way to be even with him, let's give him



him nothing at his Quarterly Collection, and by that Means we shall save our Money, and punish him too.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, I agree to it with all my Heart, and we'll hinder as many as we can besides. Let's give out, he refuses to pay what he has put his Hand to.

*Gent per Cent.* With all my Heart. Oh! here's Mr. Lofty. Your Servant.

*Enter Mr. Lofty.*

*Lofty.* Your Servant, Gentlemen.

*Taxdouble.* What, you are come to pay your Subscription, I hope? A'n't you?

*Lofty.* No, not I, indeed. Why all the Gentlemen in the Town are against it almost, and there's a Caveat enter'd, and you have no Faculty. I don't care to pay Money for I don't know what. It may be pull'd down again, or silenced, for ought I know, and then what comes of my Money?

*Powerblind.* Why are you such a Fool as to believe what they say, that talk of its being pull'd down? Why nothing that's put up in a Church can be pull'd down.

*Thunderchurch.* No more it can't.

*Lofty.* Well, if you'll give me a Note to return my two Guineas if it is ever silenced, or pull'd down, here's my Money ready, Gentlemen.

*Powerblind.* Ay, that we will, with all our Hearts.

H

*Cent*

*Cent per Cent.* Ay, to be sure.

*Lofty.* There's my Money then ; give me a Note.

*Powerblind* [*writes*]. There it is. --- And now Mr. *Cent per Cent*, if you please, we'll pay Mr. *Windpipes*.

*Windpipes.* Ay, Gentlemen, I have a great Way to go, and it's dangerous going late, I may be robb'd.

*Cent per Cent.* Why so I think, and therefore you had best come and dine here Tomorrow, and go home soon ; and then you run no Risk.

*Windpipes.* But, Sir, I have promised to pay a Gentleman Tomorrow Morning early, and he's going into the Country, I can't disappoint him. He depends upon me, and has put off his going two or three Days already, on my Account.

*Shaveall and Lofty.* Ay, pay him, by all Means, and let him go ; the Man's Credit depends upon it, perhaps.

*Powerblind.* Why he came on Purpose, don't disappoint him now you have the Money.

*Cent per Cent.* Why it is safer for him to leave it in my Hands, than to go with it at this Time of Night.

*Windpipes.* But, Sir, I must have it, come what will ; why should you be afraid of my being robb'd, if I am not?

*Thunderchurch.* To be sure he must have his Money, you must pay him.

*Cent per Cent.* But I won't till Tomorrow;  
Zounds! what d'ye think I shall run away?

*Windpipes.* No, Sir; but I tell you my Necessity;  
and since you won't, I can't help it: I must submit,  
and come Tomorrow, tho' I think this Usage very  
hard. Gentlemen, since it is so, I'll e'en take my  
Leave of you; I wish you a good Night. There's  
my two Bottles.

*All.* Your Servant, I wish you safe home.

[*Exit Windpipes.*]

*Lofty.* I wish you a good Night too, Gentlemen.  
What have I to pay?

*Shaveall.* Oh! nothing, this is all put to Accompt.

*Lofty.* I have nothing to do with that; I always  
love to pay my Reck'ning; there's my Shilling; and  
so your Servant. [*Exit.*]

*Taxdouble.* Let him go, we can enjoy ourselves  
better without him.

*Shaveall.* Why it's Time for us all to be going, I  
think.

*Powerblind.* It is so. Come we'll all go, I say.

[*All get up and go.*]

Mr. *Cent per Cent* you'll put this to Accompt.  
Good Night to you.

*Cent per Cent.* I will. Gentlemen, your Servant.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



## S C E N E V.

*A Parlour.**The Doctor solus.*

Well, now the Organ is up, and we have proceeded so far, it behoves me to consider the Consequences that may ensue; for my Neighbour, Mr. *Worthy*, tells me, that the Gentlemen are very angry about the unjustifiable Proceedings of *Powerblind*, and that there are some who intend to prosecute the Affair to the utmost. I have persuaded *Worthy* that I have no Hand in the Matter, and have sent for *Powerblind*, to tell him to take Care what he does.

*Enter Powerblind.*

*Doctor.* Your Servant, Mr. *Powerblind*. Well, what say the People? How do they like the Organ?

*Powerblind.* Oh! very well: Every Body says it's a charming Thing. And how do you like the Player, *Doctor*, I have put in.

*Doctor.* Why well enough, only he plays too long at the Intervals. You must tell him of that; he keeps me too long in the Cold. But do you hear any Talk of some Proceedings that are like to be carried on against you.

*Powerblind.*

*Powerblind.* Why, Sir, there is a Rumour of something of that kind going on, but I believe it will come to nothing : But, Sir, if it should, I hope you, and the rest of my Friends, will assist and support me?

*Doctor.* Why, that's what I sent for you about : To be sure in private I'll aid you all I can ; but it won't become me to appear in publick in this Thing ; and therefore you must say, that I knew nothing at all of the putting up the Organ : But I would have you take Care what you did, and told you so several Times.

*Powerblind.* Yes, Sir, with all my Heart. I'm willing to take all to myself, if the Expence be not too great : In that Case, I hope, Sir, you will contribute something, for I a'n't willing to be ruin'd, if I can help it.

*Doctor.* No, to be sure : Don't be afraid of that ; I dare say there's no Danger.

*Powerblind.* I hope not, Sir. Good Morrow.

*Doctor.* Your Servant. [Exit *Powerblind.*

*Doctor solus.*

Well, that's taken Care of ; and now, I think, I need fear nothing to hurt my Character.

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*The Angel.*

*Powerblind, Thunderchurch, Pasquali, Crotchet, Chaunter, &c. Wine, Pipes, Tabacco, &c.*

*Thunderchurch.* Come, Mr. *Crotchet*, Success to your Collection, [*drinks*] I hope it will turn out well.

*Powerblind.* I hope it will; but you know you must give us a Tune or two, and *Chaunter* must sing.

*Crotchet.* With all my Heart, Gentlemen. Your Healths. [*drinks.*]

*Pasquali.* Well, Mr. *Thunderchurch*, now you and Mr. *Powerblind* have been as good as your Words, we have got an Organ up; but I wish it may keep there; for I am pretty well inform'd that there will be some Proceedings against it in the Commons soon.

*Thunderchurch.* Why, who will take the Trouble and Expence upon them: I don't hear that Sir *Joseph* will do any thing by himself.

*Pasquali.* No; but there's another that will be a great deal worse.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, who is it?

*Pasquali.* Why, Mr. *Meaniwell*.

*Powerblind.* I suppose that's because I made him bring his Accompts in.

*Thunderchurch.*



*Thunderchurch.* Plhaw! d---n him: What did he make of the Affair about the Justice, after spending 24l. or 25l. about it, went and drank a Bottle, and made it all up, without making the Justice pay our Expences, as he ought to have done.

*Powerblind.* Ay, that may be; but I can tell you the Justice told *Cent per Cent* and I, that the Parish shall pay his Expences too, or he'll sign no more Rates.

*Cent per Cent.* So he did; and I believe, as it will cost less than forcing him to comply, we had best do it.

*Thunderchurch.* Why, I shan't be against it, because I'm sure it will vex *Meanwell*.

*Powerblind.* Ay, that it will. But what is he going to do?

*Pasquali.* Why, they say you are to have a Citation.

*Powerblind.* A Citation!

*Thunderchurch.* D---n his Citation. I tell you he won't do any thing to signify; and if he does, go to him, and represent your Case as very bad, and he'll soon be so soften'd to drop it.

*Powerblind.* But I have heard, that in your Time he brought a Mandamus against you and your Partner, for putting in a Master to the Workhouse contrary to the Choice of the Vestry, and you were forced to submit.

*Thunderchurch.* Why so he did, to be sure; I can't deny it; but then he paid the Expence himself; and said, he did not want to do any thing but for the Good of the Parish, and that without putting any Body to Expence;

Expencc; and I dare say he'll do the same now, if he proceeds so far.

*Powerblind.* Ay! why then I don't care; however, I'll see first whether I can't prevent his doing any thing, one way or another.

*Pasquali.* I wonder how any one can be against the Organ; it's all nothing but Spite.

*Chaunter.* Ay, so I believe; but come, never mind them, let's be merry; have you made the Song on the Organ-Subscription, as you promis'd, *Pasquali*?

*Crotchet.* Ay, come let's see it; I'll play, if *Chaunter* will sing it.

*Pasquali.* There it is, Gentlemen; and I believe you'll say there's some Humour in it.

*Thunderchurch.* Come, let's drink first, and then the Song.

*All.* Ay, with all our Hearts.

[*They drink, and then Chaunter sings.*]

## S O N G,

In Imitation of the Subscription Song, sung at  
*Drury-Lane Theatre* by *Mr. Lowe.*

**T**O the Words that I sing, ye Subscribers, attend;  
Whether Falshood or Truth, we shall prove in the  
End;

But

*But this let us boldly and loudly maintain,  
A Churchwarden's Power o'er the Parish to reign.*

C H O R U S.

*To fill a Subscription then chearfully join,  
In Support of the Organ, such Musick divine:  
In Support, &c.*

2.

*By Subscription so strengthen'd, what can us affright?  
Tho' our Actions are wrong, we can swear they are right.  
And as long as bold George is our Organ's Defender,  
We fear not the Dutchman, or Dissenting Member.*

Chorus ut ante.

3.

*We'll not be oblig'd after Proctors to dandle,  
We know how Citations or Caveats to handle,  
And boldly determin'd to make no Submission,  
Let's laugh at the Commons and their Inquisition.*

Chorus, &c.

4.

*'Tis the Doctor we honour, and to please him subscribe,  
None but Scoundrels are known in the opposite Tribe:  
Bold George shall keep up the Organ we've bought  
For Two Hundred Pounds,---tho' it's not worth a Great.*

C H O R U S.

*But let's bully and swear that it's Musick divine,  
Tho' it squeaks like the Pigs, and it grunts like the  
Swine.*

I

*Powerblind.*



*Powerblind.* Thank'e, Mr. *Chaunter* ; but *Pasquali*, I think you are a little satirical on us, and speak against the Organ in the two last Lines of the Song.

*Pasquali.* Why I told you there was something humorous in it, and I mix'd a little of what our Antagonists are supposed to say, on Purpose to divert us, by laughing at their Ignorance.

*Thunderchurch.* Ay, and well done, it's a good Song, I think.

*Powerblind.* I think it is, and well sung too. But I must be going ; I am sorry I can't stay ; but Business won't permit me. I wish ye all good Night.

*All.* Mr. Churchwarden, good Night.

[*Exit Powerblind.*

*Crotchet.* Come, I think I'll take one Pipe, and give you a Tune or two before I go.

*Pasquali.* Ay, to be sure you must, but let's go into the next Room, and there we shall be by ourselves.

*Thunderchurch.* With all my Heart. Come then, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Powerblind solus, in his Parlour, reading a Paper.*

*Powerblind.* 'Sdeath ! What's this ? a Citation ! Reads----to answer----Articles----*Soul's Health*----*Reformation*----*Correction*----*Manners*----*Excess*, &c. Good God ! what shall I do ! I am undone, if this is pursu'd ! How have I been led on to let it go so far

as this ! That ever I should be such a Fool, as to fly in the Face of Authority ! My Affair of *Gravesend* should have been a sufficient Caution to me, not to engage in any thing of this Kind.---But I must now see what my Friends and the Doctor will do ; surely they will not let the whole Burthen lie on my Shoulders, since I have done nothing without their Advice and Concurrence ; they cannot forsake me in that manner, if they have any Honour or Generosity in them. But indeed I despair, when I consider whom I have to depend on ; for unless the Doctor assists me, I fear I have nothing to expect. I have observed of late a distant reserv'd Behaviour in them all ; and poor *Crotchet*, whom *Pasquali* and his Father were so fond of at first, as to make him dine and lie at their House, they have dropt him too. Well, I'll to Bed, and think (for rest I cannot) what's to be done ; and Tomorrow Morning I'll see the Doctor and the others, and hear what they intend to do.

[*Exit.*]

---

S C E N E      V I I I.

*Thunderchurch's Shop.*

*Powerblind and Thunderchurch.*

*Powerblind.* Well, I suppose you have heard I have had a Citation sent me.

*Thunderchurch.* The Devil you have !

I 2

*Powerblind.*

*Powerblind.* It's too true ; last Night, after I parted from you, I found one at home. And to add to my Comfort, I have been with *Cent per Cent*, *Shaveall* and *Taxdouble*, and they all now desert me ; not a Farthing will they pay towards supporting what we have done. I have only you now, who was my principal Adviser in all I have done, to assist me.

*Thunderchurch.* Why, won't the *Doctor* stand by you, do you think ?

*Powerblind.* I am afraid not ; for two or three Days ago he told me to say nothing of him as concern'd in the Measures we have pursu'd ; but promis'd to assist me in secret. To Day my Wife has been with him ; but he makes light of the Affair, and gives her no Hopes of his doing any thing to signify. All my Trust is now in you.

*Thunderchurch.* Why, I'll give you my Opinion with all my Heart, how you shall behave in the Affair, and I dare say, one way or another, you'll get off yet.

*Powerblind.* Well, for God's Sake, tell me quickly, for I am in the greatest Uneasiness in the World how to act.

*Thunderchurch.* If you'll take my Advice then, go to your Council, hear whether our Proceedings are justifiable, and if there is a Probability of Success in Case we go to Law. If not, seek out *Meanwell* ; try to soften him ; tell him you'll silence the Organ immediately, if he'll stop Proceedings. Sooth him, and there's no Body else, I dare say, will go on. And if  
you



you can but put a Stop for the present, and keep the Organ up, I'll warrant you the whole Parish, by and by, will be for having it play, rather than stand there and be made no Use of.

*Powerblind.* Why I really think your Advice is good ; but if the Council think our Proceedings defensible, where must we get Money to go on ?

*Thunderchurch.* Oh ! as to that, if we get the better, we may collect again, under a Pretence the Organ is not all paid for, and that will reimburse your Expences ; besides, those Subscribers who now refuse, will pay then, as their Plea of your acting illegally will be remov'd.

*Powerblind.* What you say is right ; and I'll about it instantly.

*Thunderchurch.* I wish you Success.

[*Exeunt.*

---

S C E N E IX.

*A Parlour.*

*The Doctor solus.*

I wish this troublesome Affair was over, one Way or another ; for I am afraid, by what *Powerblind's* Wife told me, that People think I have been concern'd in this Business more than I really have. He is now gone to Town, to take Council, and will come here as soon as he returns. I am quite impatient till  
he

62 JUSTICE *Triumphant* : or,

he comes. [*A Knocking.*] Somebody knocks, I hope it is him.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, here's Mr. *Powerblind*.

*Doctor.* Bid him walk in.

*Enter Powerblind.*

Well, how do you do, Mr. *Powerblind*? What have you done in this Affair?

*Powerblind.* Why, Sir, I'll tell you in as few Words as I can.

*Doctor.* Sit down tho', come.

*Powerblind.* I went to my Council, and told him my Case; he said he had seen the Articles against me, and unless I could prove they were all false, the best I could do was to submit, and try what Favour I could meet with from the Persons concern'd in prosecuting me. On this I resolv'd to go to Mr. *Meanwell*, and luckily I met with him in the Street; I perswaded him to go into a Tavern, and there I represented my Case to him, in the best manner I could, told him I should be ruin'd if I was punish'd with all the Severity that was due to my Misconduct and Contumacy; that it lay in his Power to relieve me, and only he, as being the only Prosecutor; that I would immediately silence the Organ, whatever was done; and that I wish'd it had been at the Bottom of the River before I had seen it.

*Doctor.* And what Answer did he give you?

*Powerblind.*

*Powerblind.* Why he very civilly said, he was not the sole Manager, as I imagin'd, and nam'd several Gentlemen and others, who concurr'd in his Complaint; that he indeed seem'd to be the only Person, as the Articles were presented in his Name; but he only acted for the rest, as being better acquainted with the Measures necessary to be taken; that he had no personal Enmity to me at all; and that the sole Motive of what he has done, was the Desire of several Gentlemen and his own to preserve the Liberties of the Parish from being infring'd. He approv'd of my silencing the Organ, and said, as to himself, he would be of what Service he could to me; but as he was but one among several, he could not determine the Affair.

*Doctor.* You have certainly acted right in this Step, however; and you must, if you can, by some Friend or other, prevail on him to drop the Proceedings, and then I dare say you may get off easily. I'm sorry the Organ must be silenced, though.

*Powerblind.* I am so too, Sir; but much more so, that ever I put it up; and if it had not been that I was encourag'd and advis'd by some---

*Doctor.* Oh! don't talk of that, you'll do very well yet; but I must take my Leave, for I am oblig'd to visit a sick Person. I shall be glad to see you another Time. Your Servant, Mr. *Powerblind*.

[Exit Doctor.]

*Powerblind.* Sir, Your Servant----- If I meet not with better Treatment from my Enemies than I have



have met with Faith and Assistance among my Friends, I am in a most miserable Situation. But henceforward I'll take Care whom I trust. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E X.

*The Angel, as before.*

*Thunderchurch and Powerblind.*

*Thunderchurch.* Well, what News? What's to be done?

*Powerblind.* It's all over; our Cause will not admit of any Defence: So I have silenced the Organ, and told *Crotchet* to play no more.

*Thunderchurch.* And has *Meanwell* consented to drop the Affair? Shall we keep up the Organ?

*Powerblind.* He (I find by what he says) is only one of several who concern themselves about it, and must consult with them; however, he spoke very friendly, and I believe will do somewhat to serve me.

*Thunderchurch.* He is the principal acting Person, tho', and if he can any ways be made your Friend, the rest, I dare say, will be rul'd in a great measure by him.

*Powerblind.* So I think, and the Doctor too; therefore I'll try all my Friends, who I imagine have any Influence on him, in any way, and see what they can do. If he is inflexible, I don't know what to do.

*Thunderchurch.*

*Thunderchurch.* Do! why don't submit to them without a Trial, if they are determin'd to have the Organ down? Why you had better submit to the Court, acknowledge your Misconduct, and rely on their Mercy: By that Means you will behave gloriously, and shew the World, that rather than acknowledge yourself in the wrong, and stoop to your Antagonists, you bravely disputed every Inch of Ground, and did not give up your Point, but when drove to the last Extremity.

*Powerblind.* But you don't consider, such Conduct may ruin me; only think what Expence and Trouble it may put me to.

*Thunderchurch.* Why, I don't believe it will cost you more than to submit to their Terms; which will be, to pull down the Organ, and pay their Costs.

*Powerblind.* But will not the Commons fine me, d'ye think, for opposing and despising their Jurisdiction?

*Thunderchurch.* No, if you submit to them, and don't give them any Trouble by contesting the Affair, I dare say they will think your Punishment sufficient, by what it will cost you without.

*Powerblind.* Rather (if I can possibly avoid it) than submit, after what I have done, I would willingly spend some more Money than what I shall now, as it is; and since you are of Opinion that the Commons will deal tenderly with me, if my Friends can't prevail on *Meantwell* to let the Organ stand, I'll e'en

66 JUSTICE Triumphant: or,

throw myself on the Mercy of the Court, and take what follows.

*Thunderchurch.* Bravely resoly'd! But I see that Cent per Cent, and the rest, now never come near us.

*Powerblind.* No; as soon as they thought I should want their Aid, they have kept away ever since: But it's no more than what I might have imagin'd, if I had consider'd who the Men were. But I have just now thought (I believe) of a Person, who, if any one can, will dispose *Meowwell* to give over Proceedings: So excuse me, as there is no Time to be lost, I'll go about it instantly.

*Thunderchurch.* Do, by all Means; and I hope you'll succeed; however, if you don't, hold it out to the last.

*Powerblind.* That I am determin'd to do. So farewell.

*Thunderchurch.* Your Servant.

[Exit.

S C E N E the Last.

*Powerblind* *solus*, after the Trial.

At length I know my Doom; and though to take down the Organ, and pay all Costs, is a severe Sentence, that does not afflict me half so much as the Reflection of engaging in the Measures



tures of such a mean sneaking Set of Men. Not one had the Generosity to offer me one Farthing towards my Expence; but poorly and basely left me to support the Whole.

My Example, I hope, will warn all Churchwardens hereafter to be cautious of their Behaviour, and never (to please any Set of Men, or from any private Views) set themselves up in Opposition to the Majority of the Vestry, whose Opinion should be their Guide.

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# EPILOGUE.

To be spoken by Justice Jobber, in the Character  
of an Old Woman.

Address'd to the LADIES.

**W**ELL, Ladies, (tho' I own 'tis my Aversion)  
I'll condescend to ACT for your Diversion;  
And though these Cloaths seem odd that I am dress'd in,  
They suit the Character I act the best in;  
And if I drop some Hints, you whisper sie on,  
\*SNIP SNAP---BE STILL---don't rouse a SLEEPING  
LION.

Ab! Ladies, had I ta'en this Thing in Hand,  
(The Organ, Faith, I mean)----P'd made it STAND;  
And when erected, no one in the Town,  
Or Male or Female, should have pull'd it down,  
Except myself; for Instances are plenty  
(Gad, I believe, at least, that I know twenty)  
Of ORGANS that in CHURCHES have been planted,  
And yet no Licence from the Commons granted.  
But what could we expect from such OLD FELLOWS,  
I ne'er believ'd (whatever they might tell us)

\* Words frequently made use of by the Justice.

That



# E P I L O G U E.

That they'd be able to support their Scheme ;  
 Alas ! thinks I, this Organ's all a Dream ;  
 Which, if erected, with much Cost and Trouble,  
 Will prove at length a meer SUBSCRIPTION † BUBBLE ;  
 Perhaps may STAND---and PLAY---a little while,  
 But never answer our Expence and Toil.  
 My Thoughts prove true, and now I unlook'd-for Fall  
 Of this HARMONIOUS ORGAN, frets you all.

But had I manag'd here, or been consulted,  
 This Consequence would never have resulted ;  
 OLD as I am, and ERRING as a WOMAN,  
 Yet as a Magistrate---Pll yield to no Man.

And to succeed in this, or any Cause,  
 Would have proceeded by my Country's Law ;  
 Remov'd all Obstacles, or----have gain'd Consent,  
 Procur'd a Faculty, and----when all content,  
 Put up a REAL HARMONIUS Instrument.

But such Objections with the Fair, I'm told,  
 Are insufficient, and will never hold :  
 Why then I see others, viz.---this ORGAN'S---OLD\*,

† The Justice was of the Committee appointed to manage the Middlesex Subscription ; but declares he knows nothing how the Money subscrib'd was apply'd, tho' he paid five Guineas himself.

\* OLD---It was made some Years ago, for a Gentleman's Hall ; but he not liking it, it remain'd in the Builder's Hands ; who, to make it tolerable for a small Church, made some Additions to it, and then sold it to our Connoisseurs.---However, I don't mention its being old as an Imperfection ; the Word old here alludes to the general Dislike Ladies have to most Things under that Denomination, as old Cloaths, old Fashions, old Men, &c.

DEAR-

## EPILOGUE.

DEAR-BOUGHT †, --- ILL-TIM'D ‡, and INHARMONIOUS DOUBLE;

*Witness the NOISE || that's made, th' EXPENCE and TROUBLE.*

*Howe'er, to finish, and by Actions prove,  
That Peace and HARMONY I truly love;  
If, after all, an ORGAN still you fancy,  
Why, Faith, for Comfort-----Come and bear MY  
NANCY\*.*

† *Dear-bought*—Cost in all upwards of 200 l.

‡ *Ill-tim'd*—The Subscription was open'd in the Height of the Rebellion, when Subscriptions were carrying on in other Places for supporting our present happy Constitution in Church and State.

|| *Noise it made*—Alludes to some very disagreeable Stops in it, and the Feuds it has caused in the Parish.

\* A small Musical Instrument of the Justice's, so call'd by him, because made at Nancy in Lorraine.

⑤  
S

MVSEVM  
BRITAN  
NICVM